

L A U R I E

Laurie, who has never
known the woods for more
than trees beyond
a highway's billboards,
at eight has listened
to the wind thru willows
& come to understanding
all the weird & Pan.
As a child she understands,
not so much by fact
that's documented
& arranged in logical
progressions simulating
science, but by what
I must call faith.
She insists birds talk
to her & cats, fish,
mice & dogs belong
to subscribed intellect
that is understood
when held close warmly.
& now that snow
has covered all the green
--our two front trees
have lost their leaves
& the grass is matted brown
— she sulks off
to her room. Dressed
in brown, she asks me
every morning, When
will it be spring?

James Singer